

Leader

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POETRY.

MEMORIES

[FROM THE BETHEL PRESS.]

Memories glad and gay;

Of soft and shining ray.

Alas! how quickly fled:

But now he mouldering,—dead

They speak of loved ones lost,
Of faces seen no more;

To yonder peaceful shore,

O! memories old and bright,
Memories dark and drear!

I thought you all were dead!

To dwell upon the Past
But adds to Present pain;

True joys alone will last,
And have no sad refrain.

$$22.96\text{ g Cl}_2, 1/10, 154.4\text{ g} \quad = 31.$$

Marguerite D Arville was a rising star of the stage; that she was an impassioned, fascinating actress, as also a chaste, amiable and beautiful girl.

This being the accepted opinion, of

fact of foundation he had outlived both, for his heart had never before beat rapturously at a woman's smile.

But Margerite D'Arville, with her tall and statuesque figure, her Italian eyes

She laid her hand upon his arm, and he saw on one small finger a golden star of precious gems--topazes with a single diamond flashing in the centre.

"I would, I would!" she replied, and

Two hours later Margerite D'Arville's

He would have arisen, but a voice at

knew nothing about work of any kind, and was always unfortunate in his adventures. But we were very happy for ten years. I tried to be a good wife—I did, indeed. When I was ill I tried to

his both. But we drifted apart—apart, ah, me! until he neglected, and then deserted me. Afterward, his mother died and left him rich. He began his old gay, careless life anew while I was left

"I have come Lida," said Gwyn Walsingham in a choked voice, passing Margerite, who had arisen and stood, her hand upon the crimson drapery. "I

"Yes Will you drive home with me?"

One of them came very near to the happiness of two young souls like, the other day.

I've long wanted to tell you of my re-
d for you. You are everything to
and always in my absence my
thoughts are constantly dwelling up-

"Now consider prize in every box," in-

had commenced, and waited for an answer. It came, murmured in his ear, but no other person might learn its contents.

"Pop corn—fresh this morning." The young gentleman rose hastily and led the boy several seats down the aisle, and the girl fell to crying in her disappointment. The young man returned

withdraw from the contract at any time.

good," Christian authoress of "The Pilgrims Progress" has depicted us somewhat as a "beast," bearing a slight resemblance to the "beasts of the fable," or to the "beings, unnatural excrescences," which "must naturally grow out of the corrupt place." She has kindly

"Shiloh," for good and all, and we cannot come and go without considered "queer." Happy are who know not what it is to be scan-

an immense pull-back? Who did
West," before I find those red-hot
Lands End does very well—
thrust!! Who so insane as to put
new building there!

the living down to compare favorably in reputation with the dead? Then, dreadful to feel that Christian mothers have been so lost to reason, as to exhort their daughters to grow up, patients of virtue and the last, when they

trial was just picked and gave him a hearty reception. The Lord Provost Magistrates were dressed in their ceremonial mantles that the city gave when the Prince of Wales laid the corner stone of the new P. O. The Lord

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